Wyoming Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher. "To Speak his Thoughts is Every Freeman's Right." TERMS, $2.00 Per. ANNUM, in Advance.

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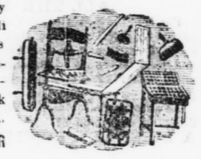

A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to Politics News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock Wyoming County, P.

BY HARVEY SICKLER

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Business Notices.

R. & W. E. LITTLE ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga Street Tunkhannock Pa

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock Wyoming Co. Pa.

WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa Especial attention given to settlement of decedent's estates.
Nicholson, Pa. Dec. 5, 1867—v7n19y1

J. W. RHOADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. May be found at his Office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Putman Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DENTISTRY.

DR. I. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.
Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Gilman.
v6n30tf.

PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.
By W. RUGER, Artist.
Rooms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's Brick Block,
TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
Life-size Portraits painted from Ambrotypes or Photographs—Photographs Painted in Oil Colors.—All orders for paintings executed according to order, or no charge made.
☞ Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art.
Tunk., July 31, '67—v6n50-tf.

BOLTON HOUSE.
HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.
A continuance of the public patronage is refpectfully solicited.
GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL,
LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.
THIS establishment has recently been refitted an furnished in the latest style Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,
MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r
HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts tender the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.
Wm. H CORTRIGHT.
June, 3rd, 1863

MEANS' HOTEL.
TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
[Late of the "BRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.
PROPRIETOR.
The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—It is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeablestoppngi place for all,
21lyv3-a.

NOTICE
Is hereby given, that I have placed in possession of Samuel Dailey Jr., one pair of steers, to be kept by him during my will and pleasure—all persons are forbid molesting or interfering with the same.
DAVID PATRICK,
Overfield Pa, Oct. 7th 1867-v7n10tf,

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA,
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR
Scrofula and Scrofulous Diseases.
From Emery Eles, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.
"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."
Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.
From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.
"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."
From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.
"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."
From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.
"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost every thing a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as any body's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."
Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.
From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., New York.
"DR. AYER. I seldom fail to remove *Eruptions* and *Scrofulous Sores* by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* with it. No alterative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."
From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.
"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I now am well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."
From Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.
"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general *debility*, and for *purifying the blood*, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."
St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.
From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.
"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."
Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.
From Dr. Hiram Sloet, of St. Louis, Missouri.
"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of *Syphilis* and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."
From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.
"DR. AYER. My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for *Syphilis*, both of the *primary* and *secondary* type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."
Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or *mercurial disease*, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.
Leucorrhœa, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by Internal *Scrofulous Ulceration*, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.
From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.
"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of Irregularity, Leucorrhœa, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."
A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:
"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhœa of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."
Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia,
when caused by *Scrofula* in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been, and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.
Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
For sale by Bunnell & Bannatyne, and Lyman & Whils, Tunkhannock. Sterling & Son, Meshoppen, Stevens & Ackley, Laceyville, Frear, Dean & Co, Factoryville, and all Druggists and Dealers in medicines, everywhere.

THE HEALING POOL,
AND HOUSE OF MERCY.
Howard Association Reports, for YOUNG MEN on the CRIME OF SOLITUDE, and the ERRORS, ABUSES and DISEASES which destroy the manly powers, and create impediments to MARRIAGE, with sure means of relief. Sent in sealed letter, envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLEN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
6n44-1year.

THE UNION
STRAW CUTTER,
MANUFACTURED BY
William Flickner,
At TUNKHANNOCK, Penn'a.
Who has the exclusive right for Wyoming county, is one of the very few Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Stalks, &c., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grandfathers.
Those who value time and labor: and would avoid a needless loss of both, in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters.
No man ever found anything better; or ever went back to the old machine after a trial of it.
A Supply Constantly on Hand
and for sale.
WM. FLICKNER.
Tunkhannock, Dec. 2, 1867v7n18tf.

Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Give me my old seat, Mother,
With my hand upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee,
Oh! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls, like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother;
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met.
'Tis but a little time I know,
But very long it seems;
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear Mother, in my dreams,

The world has kindly dealt, Mother,
By thy child thou lov'st so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path;
And 'twas their holy spell
Which made that path so dearly bright;
Which strewed the roses there;
Which gave the light, and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I fear a happy heart, Mother;
A happier never beat;
And, even now, new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet.
Oh! Mother! life may be a dream;
But if such *dreams* are given,
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the *truths* of Heaven!

I bear a happy heart, Mother;
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones or winning words,
I ever think of thee
And then the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye;
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, Mother,
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Opens to me like thine own!
Tho' sunny smiles wreathe blooming lips,
While love tones meet my ear;
My Mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, Mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own,
Once more before we part.
And Mother to this love lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come oft—*I too oft* thou canst not come
And for thy darling pray.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L. L. D.

Late or early home returning,
In the starlight or the rain,
I beheld that lonely candle
Shining from his window pane.
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
Nightly looking, I could scan,
Aye inditing,
Writing—writing,
The pale figure of a man;
Still discern behind him fall
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
By dim burning of my oil,
Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
I have watched him at his toil;
Watched his broad and seamy forehead,
Watched his white industrious hand,
Ever passing,
And repassing;
Watched and strove to understand
What impelled it—gold or fame—
Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked debating vainly
In the silence of my mind,
What the services he rendered
To his country or his kind;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,
Wisdom holy,
Humors lowly,
Sermon, essay, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world of London,
He was portion unto me—
Portion of my life's experience,
Fused into my memory,
Twilight saw him at his folios;
Morning saw his fingers run,
Laboring ever,
Wearying never
Of the task he had begun;
Placid and content he seemed,
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him,
Undistinguished was his name;
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame,
Scanty fare and decent raiment,
Humble lodging, and a fire—
These he sought for,
These he wrought for,
And he gained his meek desire;
Teaching men by written word,
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him,
Still might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his lattice—
Lay no shadow on the wall,
In the winter or his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
'Mid his writing,
And inditing,
Death had beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

But this old man so old and nameless,
Left behind him projects large,
Schemes of progress undeveloped,
Worthy of a nations charge;
Noble actions uncompleted,
Germs of beauty immatured,
Only needing,
Kindly feeding,
To have flourished and endured;
Met reward in golden store,
To have lived forevermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?
What we lose, because we honor
Over much the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head?
Or perchance, when kinder grown,
Leaving it to die—alone?

BIGGARS AND BORROWERS.

BY HORACE GREELEY,

I hate to say anything that is calculated to steel others against the prayers of the unfortunate and necessitous; yet an extensive, protracted experience has led me to the conclusion that nine-tenths of those who solicit loans of strangers or casual acquaintances are thriftless vagabonds who will never be better off than at present, or scoundrels who would never pay if they were able. In scores, if not hundreds of cases, I have been importuned to lend from $1 up to $10, to help a stranger who had come to the city on some errand or other, had here fallen among thieves, (who are far more abundant here than they ever were on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho), been made drunk, and plundered of his last cent, and who asked only enough to take him home, when the money would be surely and promptly returned. Sometimes, I have lent the sum required; in other cases, I have refused it; but I cannot remember a *single instance* in which the promise to repay was made good. I recollect a case wherein a capable, intelligent New England mechanic, on his way from an Eastern city to work two hundred miles up the Erie Railroad, borrowed of me the means of saving his children from famine on the way, promising to pay it out of his first months wages; which he took care never to do. This case differs from many others only in that the swindler was clearly of a better class than that from which the great army of borrowers is so steadily and bountifully recruited.

In one instance, a young man came with the usual request, and was asked to state his case. "I am a clerk from New Hampshire," he began, "and have been for three years employed in Georgia. At length, a severe sickness prostrated me; I lost my place: my money was exhausted; and here am I, with my wife, without a cent; and I want to borrow enough to take me home to my father's house, when I will surely repay it." "Stranger," was the response, "you evidently cannot stay here, and I must help you to get away; but why say anything about paying me? You know, and *I* know you will never pay a cent." My visitor protested and remonstrated; but I convinced, if I did not convert him. "Don't you see," I rejoined, "that you cannot have been three years a clerk in a leading mercantile house in Georgia without making the acquaintance of merchants doing business in this city?—Now, if you were a person likely to pay, you would apply to and obtain help from those men [illegible] know you know, but to me an utter stranger." He did not admit the force of my demonstration; but of course the sequel proved it correct.

I consider it all but an axiom that he who asks a stranger to lend him money will never pay it; yet I have known an exception. Once, when I was exceedingly poor and needy, in a season of commercial revulsion or "panic," I opened a letter from Utica and found therein $5, which the writer asked me to receive in satisfaction of a loan of that sum which I had made him—a needy stranger—on an occasion which he recalled to my remembrance.—Perplexed by so unusual a message and especially by receiving it at such a time, when every one was seeking to borrow—no one condescending to pay—I scanned the letter more closely, and at length achieved a solution of the problem The writer was a patient in the State Lunatic Asylum.

A gushing youth once wrote me to this effect:

"DEAR SIR: Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours, truly."

I responded as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly *one* autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for $50, with my endorsement across the back. It cost me just $50 75 (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours, respectfully."

That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at the original price, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency.

I once received a letter from an utter stranger, living two hundred miles away, asking me to lend him a large sum on a mortgage of his farm, and closing thus:

"P. S.—My religious views are radically antagonist to yours; but I know no member of my own church of whom I could so readily, and with such confidence, ask such a favor, as of you."

This postcript impelled me, instead of dropping the letter quietly into the waste basket, as usual, and turning to the next business in order, to answer him as follows:

"SIR: I have neither the money you ask for, nor the inclination to lend it on the security you proffer. And your P. S. prompts the suggestion that whenever *I* shall be moved to seek favors of the members of some other church rather than of that to which I have hitherto adhered, I shall make haste to join that other church"

I trust I have said nothing calculated to stay the hand or chill the spirit of heaven-born Charity. The world is full of needy, suffering ones, who richly deserve compassion; not to speak of the vagrants, who, though undeserving, must not be allowed to starve or freeze. I was struck with the response of a man last from St. Louis, who recently insisted on being helped on to Boston, which he said was his early home, and to whom I roughly made answer—"You need not pretend to me that the universe is bankrupt. I know better—know that a man of your natural abilities, if he only behaved himself, need not be reduced to beggary." "Well, sir," he quickly rejoined, "I don't pretend that I have always done the right thing—if I did you would know better—all I say is, that I am hungry and penniless, and that, if I can only get back to Boston, I can there make a living. That's my whole story." I felt that he had the better reason on his side.

"Then you condemn borrowing and lending entirely?"

"No, I do not. Many a man knows how to use, wisely and beneficently, means that he does not, while others do, possess; lending to such, under proper safeguards, is most commendable. Ten thousand young farmers, who by working for others have earned $1000, and saved a good part of it, are now prepared to work farms of their own. He who lends a youth $1,000 to $2,000 wherewith to purchase a farm, taking a mortgage thereon for the amount, and leaving to the young farmer his own well-earned means wherewith to buy stock and seed, provisions and implements, will often enable him to work his way into a modest independence, surrounded and blessed by a wife and children—himself a useful member of society, and a true pillar of the State—when he must, but for that loan, have remained years longer, single and a hireling. So, a young mechanic may often be wisely and safely aided to establish himself in business by a timely and well secured loan; but this should never be accorded him till, by years of patient, frugal industry, he has qualified himself for mastery, and proved himself worthy of trust. (Of traders there will always be too many, though none should ever be able to borrow a dollar.) But improvident borrowing and lending are among our most prevalent and baneful errors; and I would gladly conduce to their reformation.

THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.

The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and as in a watch, the hands that are seen are but passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen; so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which the paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance and the watchful fidelity of the publishers? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer. We feel the blemishes of [illegible] the excellencies.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raises the material thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries and infinite bonbons has a paradisical office in comparison with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents, to mark for other eyes the matter that requires attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review, each week, every State in the Union through the newspaper lens. He looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun he searches all around the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in what two hours' search produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that restricts sentimental obituaries that gave poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last glance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or humility. And, in short as the body depends upon a good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon that vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should at least have their creature comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal denresidence, they are at length translated!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of an insect. He who balances the clouds and hung the world on nothing, notices the fall of a sparrow. He who gave Saturn his rings and placed the moon, like a ball of silver, in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and made the distant sun to nourish the violet. And the same being notices the praises of the cherubim and the prayers of a little child.

THERE is an organization in a Western village called the John Club. The cardinal doctrine of the John Club is that no one whose name is John can become a member. Nothing is said about demi-johns.

A QUACK doctor has recently started, who says in his advertisement: "I can bring living witnesses to show the efficiency of my pills, which is more than any one else in my line can do.

A farmer, when flagellating his two oldest boys, was asked what he was doing. "Threshing wild oats, was the reply.

A VALLEY ONE MILE DEEP.

W. W. Thomas, late United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, in a letter on Norway, gives the following description of that remote country and one of its phenomenas:

Imagine a huge table land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map. But the rock is not whole, it is cracked apart here and there, and fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are as steep as the cleft of an axe, and their depths are always filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling from the drenched table land above the sea. I have looked from the bottom of one of these valleys and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and the heavens show like a strip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales there lies a bit of earth 'wixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here live her 1,200,000 people. The land just around his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley, and oats; his cattle climb the steep above for every stray blade: for the rest he depends upon the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable. One night in July, 1865, Hon J. H. Campbell, late Minister at Stockholm, the two Messrs Buckley of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fiord in latitude 60 degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic Ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout. Away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grand-father's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12 midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. Imperceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of the morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

A WESTERN JUDGE.—The Hon. Benjamin Tappan, once a Senator from Ohio, was on the bench when the Buckeye State was admitted into the Union. He was famous in his time for being very ugly, very talented, and very cross eyed, crabbed and sarcastic. On one occasion he was holding court in the wilderness, when one log cabin had to be used for court house, tavern and bar-room. The stable near by was used for a jail. The judge had just given some malefactors a very severe sentence, when a rough backwoodsman, who had been practicing at the other bar, exclaimed:

"That's right; give um thunder old, gimlet eyes."

"Who is thet?" screamed the irate and indignant judge.

"It's this old hoss," answered the pioneer giving his breast an approving slap.

"Mr. Sheriff," retorted Tappan, "put that old hoss in the stable, and keep him a week on bread and water."

Two Dutchmen lived close together and they had been fast friends, but they fell out and hated each other like Indians.—One of them got sick and sent for his neighbor, saying:

"Hans, I am going to die, will you forgive me and be friends."

"Yes, if you die, I will," said Hans, "but if you gets well again, der old grudge will stand good."

An editor wrote an article on the fair sex in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux."—When the paper was issued he was shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of *beans!*

AARON BURR'S SARCASM.—When Aaron Burr returned to New Yory city to practice Law, after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev. Jedediah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist holding a series of protracted meetings in his family church. He attended from habit, always went late, and disturbed the services by attracting to himself the attention of the audience on account of his infamous notoriety as the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, and who had been tried for treason.—Mr. Burchard resolved to rebuke him openly. The next Sabbath, when he came in and got about half way up the aisle, the clergyman paused in his discourse, and pointing to Colonel Burr, said, in the most scathing manner: "You hoary headed old sinner, I'll appear against you at the day of judgment!" The proud defiant old man standing erect as ever, with that perfect composure that never deserted him, and fixing his fine grey eyes on the occupant of the pulpit replied: "Mr. Burchard, I have observed through a long course of professional experience, that the very meanest class of criminals are those who turn State's evidence!"

Wise and Otherwise.

RETROSPECTIVE.

In a wagon make of willow,
Wheeled I once a little maiden,
Ringlets shining on the pillow,
Rolling homeward treasure-laden,
Like a boat upon the billow.

Ten years fled, oh! how I missed her
When she left the village school;
But she said she'd be my sister,
As we lingered by the pool,
And I passionately kissed her.

Ten more hopeful years renew it;
Little wagon made of willow—
Loving ones are bent to view it;
Loving hands adjust the pillow,
And we've fitted rockers to it.

After successfully popping the question, the next thing is to *question the pop.*

Esteem is the mother of love, but the daughter is often older than the mother.

When a rogue means to utter a worse lie than usual, he generally prefaces it with "To tell you the truth."

The tongues and hands of the radicals of Congress are equally busy—the former in demanding the savings of the public and the latter busy in grabbing it.

Some men keep cross dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop "to get a bite" may get it outside the door.

The telegraph announces the melancholy intelligence that Brownlow's health is improving. He is named for *Vice* President on the ticket with Grant. There is *vice* enough in the old wretch to make him run well for that office on the Mongrel ticket.

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour barrel, and asked her husband to read them; O I C U R M T.

An old woman recently tried in England for feloniously taking a pair of boots, and the jury, to the amusement of the court and spectators, returned the following verdict:—"Not guilty, but admonished never to do the like again."

What is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, volcanoes, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "crater."

A young fellow whose sweetheart discarded him the other night, was found shortly after seated on the curb-stone thus moralizing in verses:

"Oh! Sal was fair, her eyes were blue,
Before her glance I knock-ed under;
She knowed I loved her, fond and true,
Yet softly murmured 'go to thunder.'

So I sot me down in thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier to love a gal,
Than to make a gal love you."

Here his music broke down, and he soon joined a band of red nosed patriots, who "took sugar in their'n."

LETTER ADDRESS.—The following address was lately found on a letter mailed at the Post Office in Stroudsburg:

Bost Master blease send him strait,
Bennsylvany is der Staight,
Olt Venango dat's der Gounty,
Vere Oil bours out mit heaven's pounty,
Franklin is der Gounty Seat,
Der Bost office on liberty street,
Sharly Daylar is der man,
Send dis yust so quick you can.

A greenhorn sat a long time, very attentive, musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes, and put straws around 'em."

Why are babies like cigar stumps? Because they are thrown away in New York.

Argument for short skirts.—They give plain girls a chance. What nature has denied the face, she often gives to the understanding.

LOGIC.—As a specimen of the utility of logic, we give the following:

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college and asked the question.

"Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt answer.

"How, sir," cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir how do you make that out?"

"He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

"A man who'll maliciously set fire to a shed," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a donkey—and I'd like to do it myself!" Slow is very severe sometimes.

☞ Seek salvation now.